

An aerial photograph of the Louisiana Tech University campus. The image shows a large central building complex, several smaller buildings, and a large open area that appears to be a sports field or stadium. The campus is surrounded by trees and some residential areas. The text "Lest You Forget..." is overlaid in a large, elegant script font across the upper portion of the image.

Lest You Forget...

LOUISIANA TECH

Bulletin

VOL. XLIII

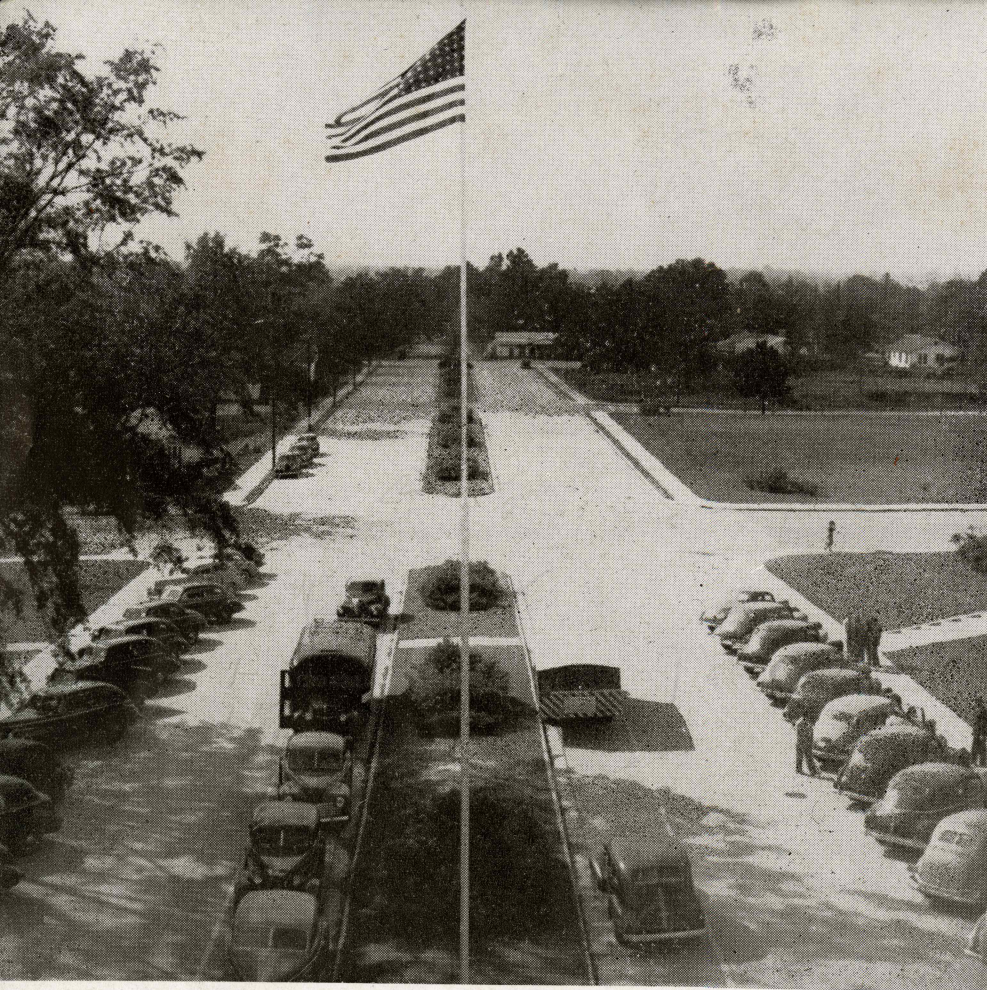
FEBRUARY, 1945

NUMBER 1

Published by the Louisiana Polytechnic Institute four times a year: February, April, July and November. Entered as second-class matter April 19, 1912, at the Post Office at Ruston, Louisiana, under Act of July 16, 1894.

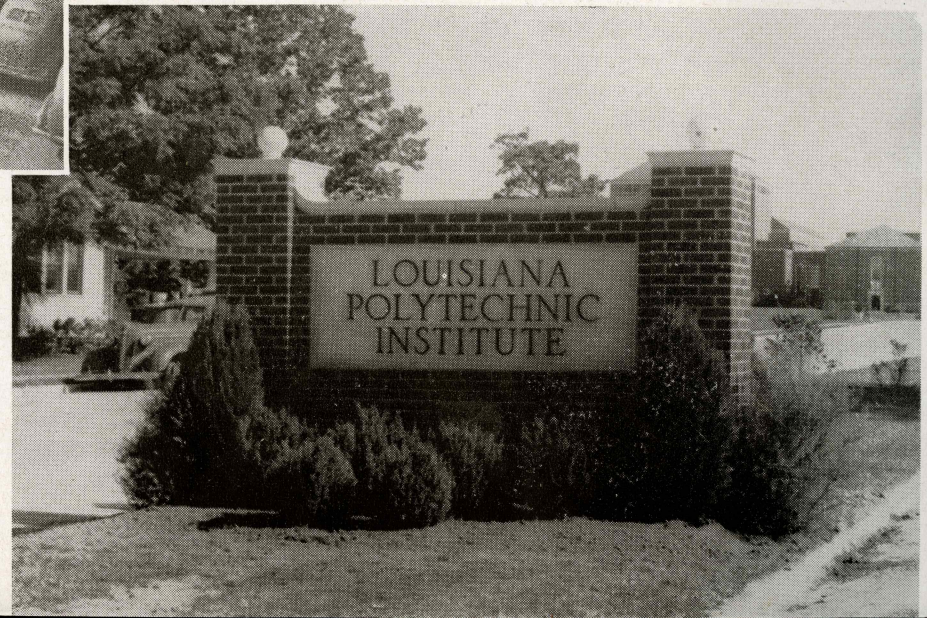
Prepared by the Publications Department of Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, in collaboration with the Navy V-12 Unit of the college.

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Campus Entrance

Above is a view of the boulevard leading from the college to the Shreveport-Monroe highway. Right: Marker at the highway entrance.



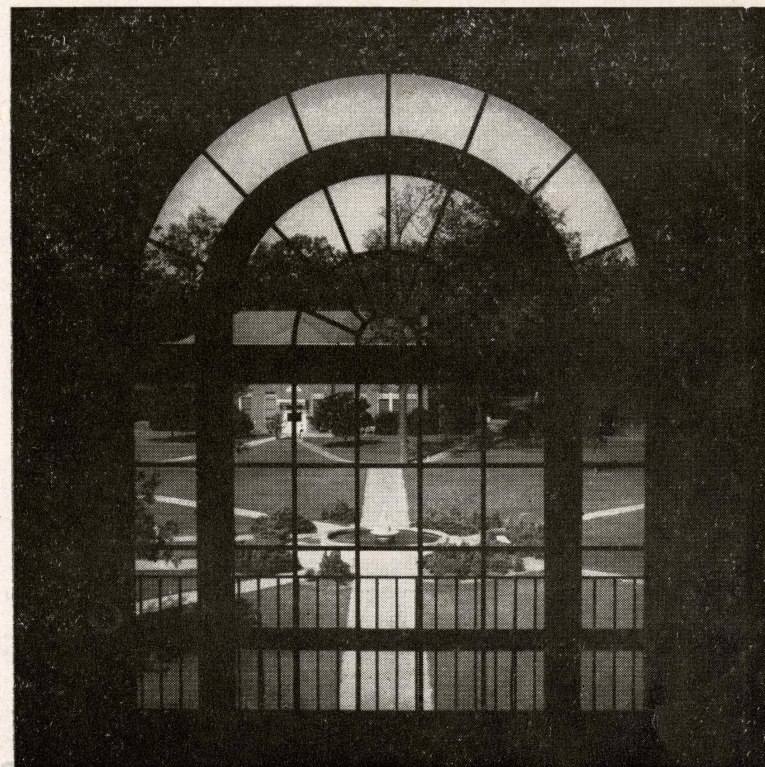
Lest You Forget . . .

LOUISIANA TECH and its Navy V-12 Unit have collaborated in the preparation of this souvenir pamphlet in the hope of bringing back pleasant memories in the minds of hundreds of young men and women who were here for a while but had to go away because of the war.

Many of you, as civilian students, saw your college careers abruptly ended as you entered some branch of the armed forces or left to pursue other activities in connection with the war effort. To take your places in the classrooms and in various student enterprises, there came to the campus throngs of Bluejackets and Marines to obtain preliminary training as officer candidates. It is to these trainees who have moved on and to our former civilian students whose education remains "unfinished business" that this booklet jointly is dedicated.

The institution as a whole desires to remind all of its non-graduating students and transferred trainees that Louisiana Tech "would be so nice to come home to."

The Navy V-12 Unit in particular wants this booklet to serve as a memento for its many trainees who got their start toward officers' commissions as students at Tech.



WINDOW VIEW OF CAMPUS FOUNTAIN

You will observe that this pamphlet is comprised largely of pictures. Since all of you to whom the booklet is dedicated have been here before, you know what Louisiana Tech is like. You know its kind of people and its traditions—and what the college has to offer you. We shall not burden you, then, with too much reading matter—just some pictures of the college you left behind, lest you forget.



LIEUT. COMDR. E. J. AYLSTOCK
Commanding Officer, Navy V-12 Unit

From The Commander

I am gratified at the privilege of commanding this fine group of officers and men.

The relatively few separations from the V-12 program for various reasons is indicative of the seriousness with which all trainees have strived to meet the objectives of the V-12 program.

The welfare and progress of all personnel within the limit of my responsibility, working in conjunction with the college authorities, will always be uppermost in my mind.

I wish to express my pleasure at having had the opportunity of serving my country in a locality where generous and kindly people are numerous. Wherever I may be I shall always cherish the memories of pleasant duty at Louisiana Polytechnic Institute.

Lieut. Comdr. Earl J. Aylstock

From The President

To All of Our Former Students Everywhere:

This picture book is dedicated to members of the Navy V-12 and to all other former Techsters in the military forces.

We intend it to be a reminder to them of their college days and we hope it will be evidence that we are thinking of them wherever they are. We desire for them, first, safety and success. We, also, desire for every one of them a happy return to their own country and for those who have not finished their college work a return to this or some other college to prepare themselves more fully for life during a peace which we are hoping will be long and which we are praying may be permanent.

The booklet goes to you with our very best wishes. If at any time you can come back to us, either for a visit or to continue your college work, we offer you a cordial welcome. Write us freely concerning your needs or your desires. It will be a privilege to help.

Sincerely,

Claybrook Cottingham
President



DR. CLAYBROOK COTTINGHAM

President, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute

'Oh, This Is Tech . . . And So Much More'

Sentiments of Miss Betty Smith of Shreveport, Tech Graduate of October, 1944

Essence of Tech. . . . Could you forget:

Couples strolling languidly along the sidewalks, and groups lounging under the trees after supper, just at dusk — pennies sparkling around the feet of the Lady of the Mist — crowded “Tonk” meetings with everyone screaming simultaneously over the nickelodeon’s blaring music, coffee and doughnuts. The parlors and the throngs between classes in the post office, and the dear campus green — every tree of it.

All the lights shining out from behind shaded dormitory windows on quiet nights — a sudden peal of laughter down the hall, extensive muted telephone conversations, bridge games, bull sessions that were priceless because we really got to know each other better and better.

Campus gatherings, football games, with new clothes and mad cheering and Blue Jackets marching — and heights of school spirit. Those moments when time hung suspended



BETTY SMITH

because we were so happy, so glad to be young our once, so eager for life. Laughing at each other’s “corny” jokes. Snooping in private business; meaning no harm. Splashing down Pugh’s stream atwinkle in the warm sunlight with our pants legs rolled up, droves of us headed for the meadow on a gotten-together-in-a-hurry picnic. Singing the same songs loud and always in an off-key harmony effect only Techsters could achieve, anywhere. Those wonderful dances in the ugly gym and that heaven-sent band — Eta Beta Blues and Stardust all mixed together.

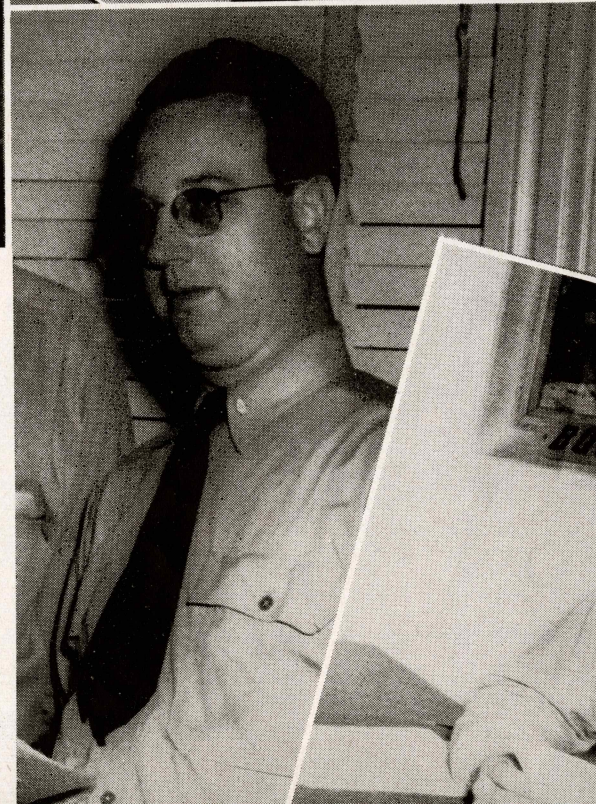
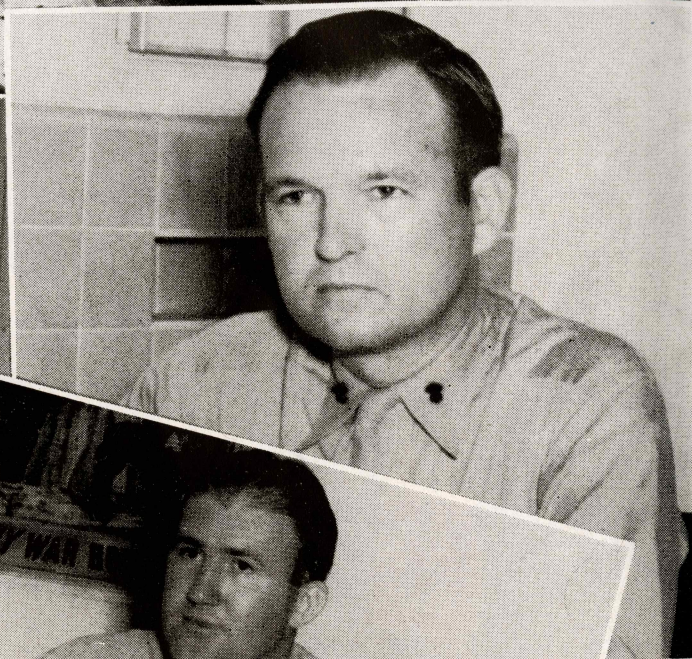
Rushing recklessly to this or that with a grin on our faces and so many moods beneath — tears in our hearts or gurgles of happiness welling up in our eyes. Loving, laughing, dream-

ing, planning, learning — living.

Oh, this is Tech, and so much more, too, that words could never express. We will leave our school, but, could we ever forget?

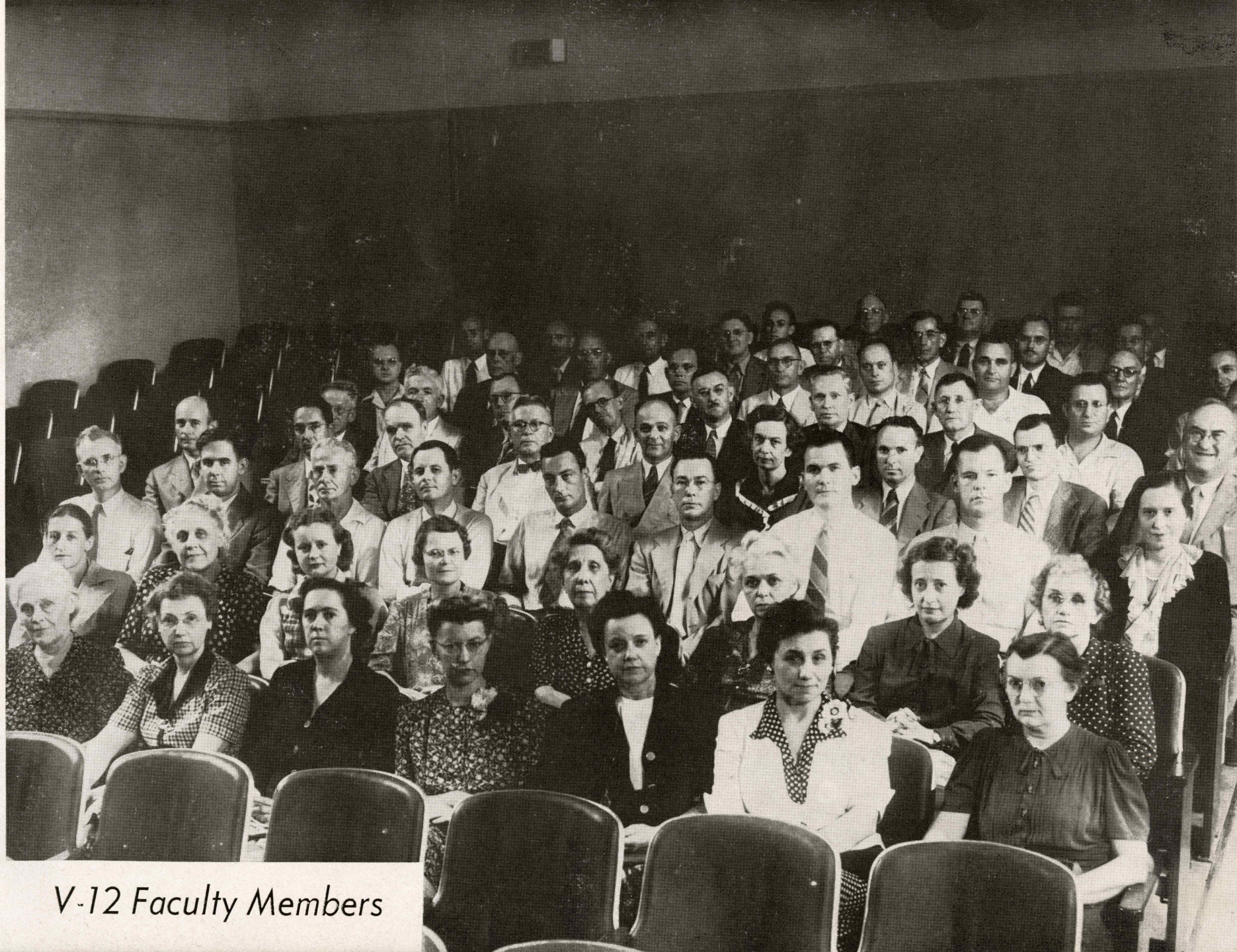
See What We Mean, for Instance?



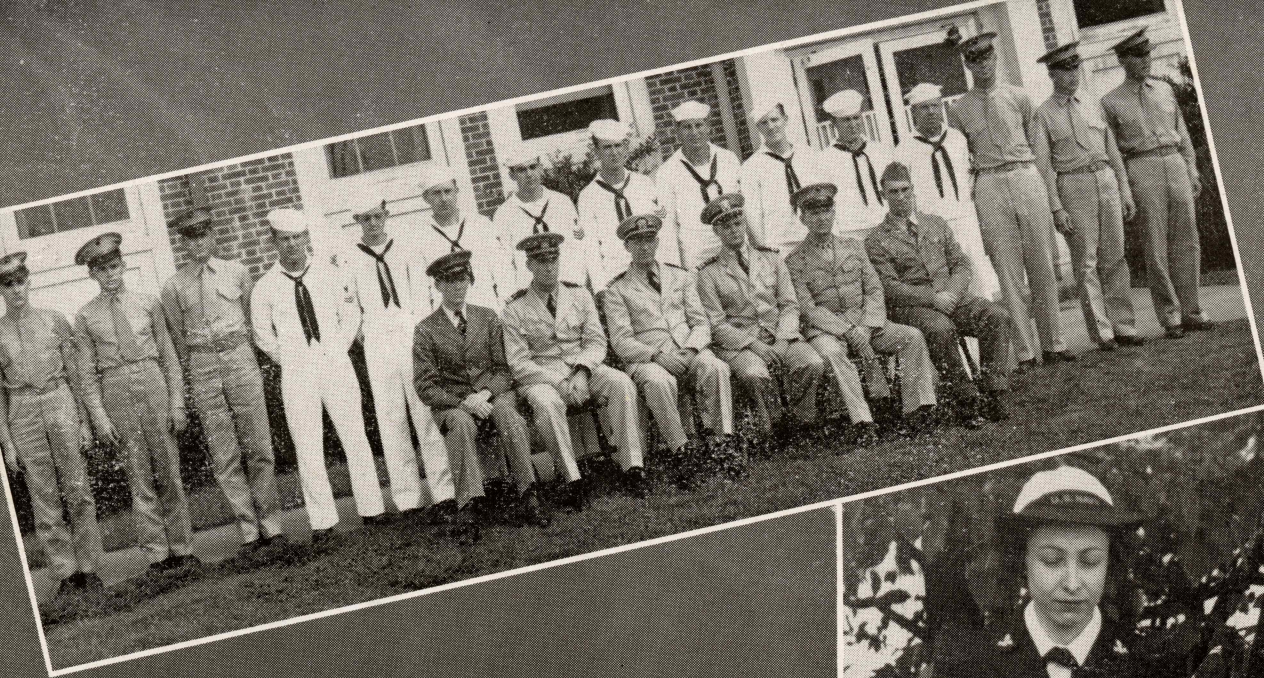


Original V-12 Officers

Above, Lieut. Comdr. George W. Moyers, commanding officer. Circle, Lieut. John Hall Jacobs, assistant commander. Upper right, Capt. Shelton H. Short, Jr., officer in charge of the marine detachment. Lower photos, left to right, Lieut. L. I. Wright, medical officer, Gunner B. E. Anderson, warrant officer, and Lieut. (j.g.) Ralph Huff, athletic officer.



V-12 Faculty Members



Opposite Page --

Trainee officers serving in the V-12 unit during the first trimester of the 1944-45 session.

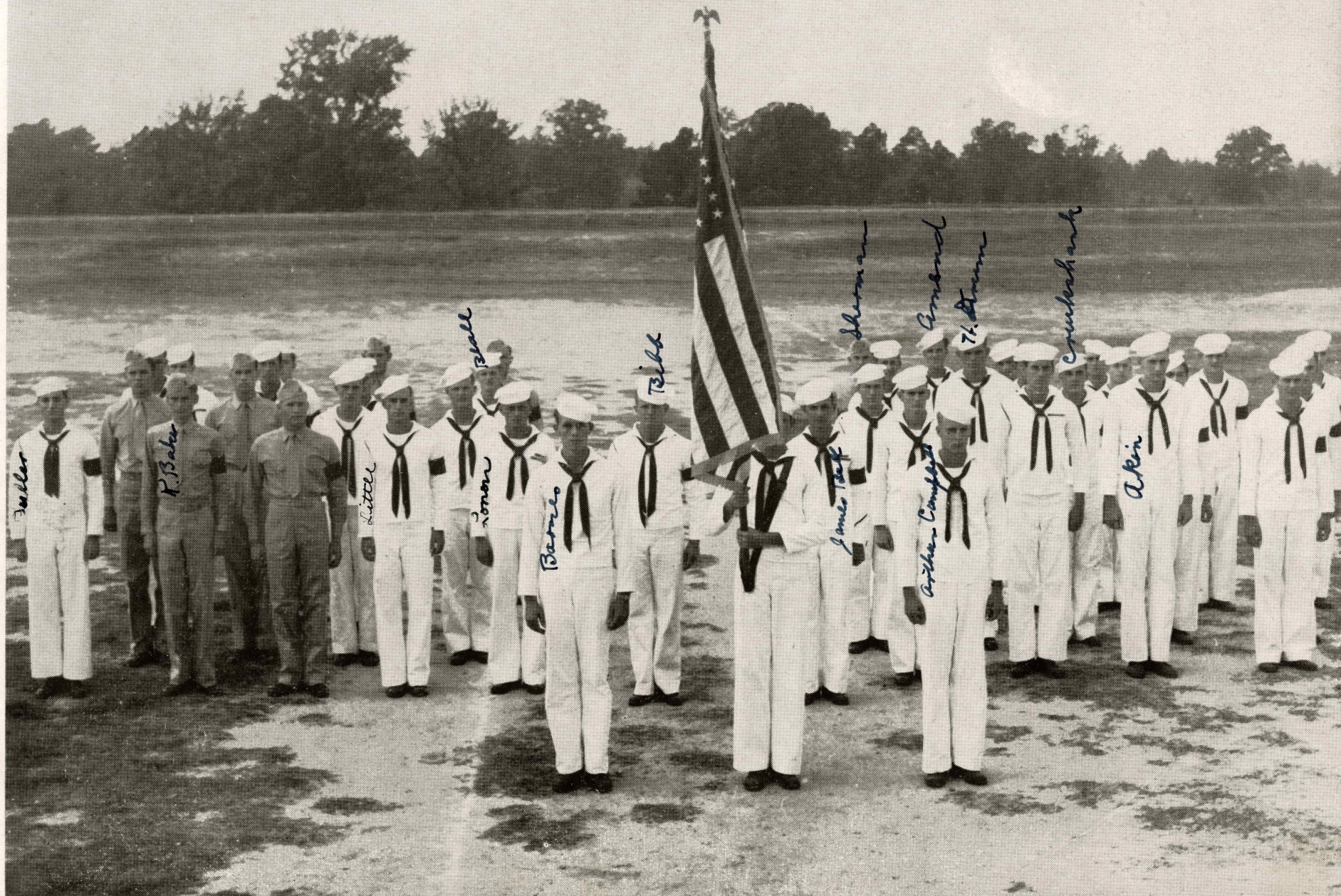
Above: Ship's Company

Front row, left to right—B. B. Young (chief yeoman), Lieut. S. H. Johnston, Lieut. Comdr. E. J. Aylstock, Dr. S. E. Elmore (lieutenant), B. E. Anderson (warrant officer), and G. T. Kinard (chief specialist, athletics). Back row—Cpl. Alexander Boyd, S-Sgt. W. D. Milks, Cpl. S. D. Banks, Spec. F. M. Carpenter, Yeo. H. V. Grubbs, PhM. H. G. Forbes, S-K A. J. Thoman, Spec. J. B. Littrell, Spec. A. R. Britt, PhM. W. P. Bell, PhM. G. A. Haywood, Spec. G. A. Moore, Sgt. Tildon Ferguson, First Sgt. C. C. Stewart, and Sgt. E. L. Hickman.

Right: Disbursing Officers

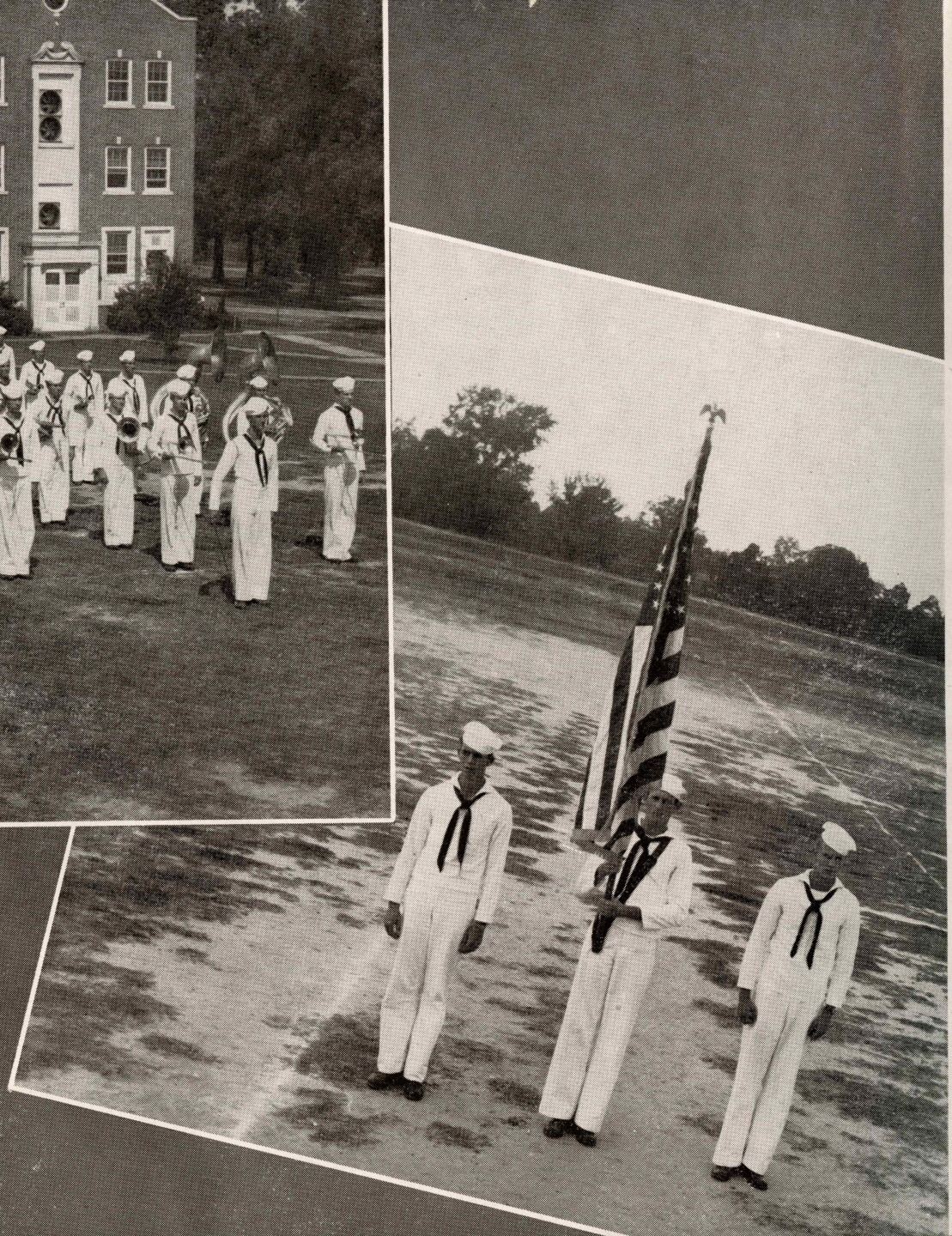
Front row, left to right—J. C. Spikes, SK1c, Mary Etta Kilpatrick and H. L. Schmidt, SK1c. Standing—Joan E. Pfau, SK2c, Lieut. (j.g.) Mary E. Thompson, and Earlene R. Rozas, SK2c. Ens. Idelle Sullens is not shown in the picture. All of the disbursing officers serving the Tech V-12 are stationed at Millsaps college, Jackson, Miss.







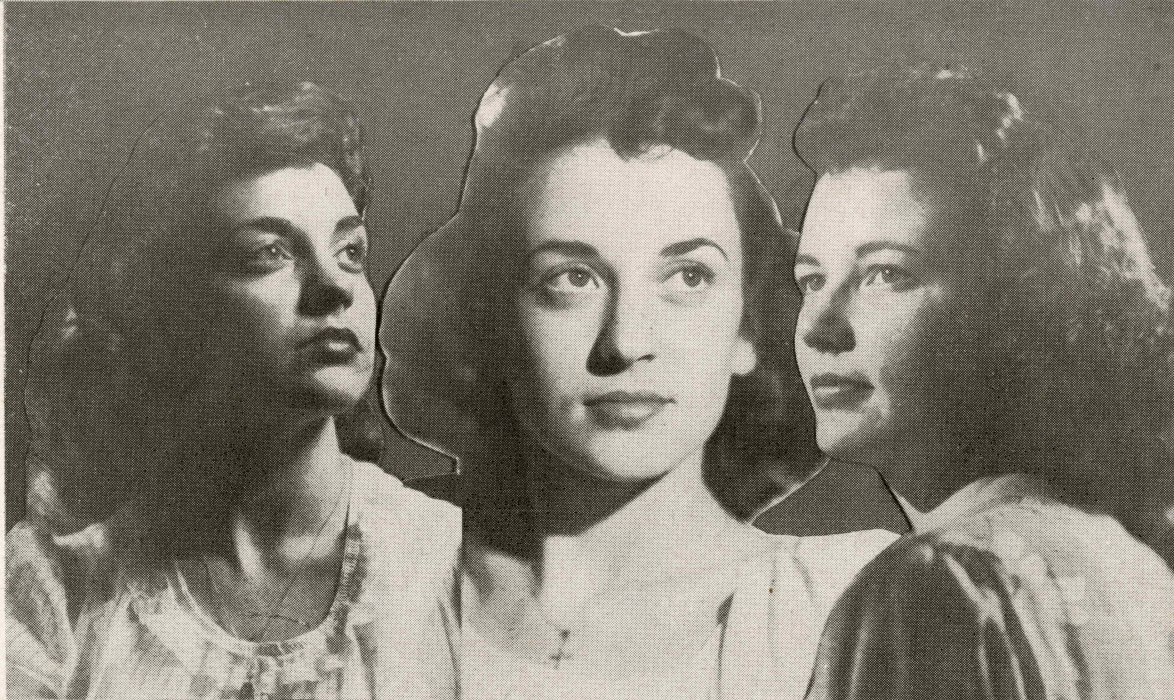
*Band Company
and
Color Guard*



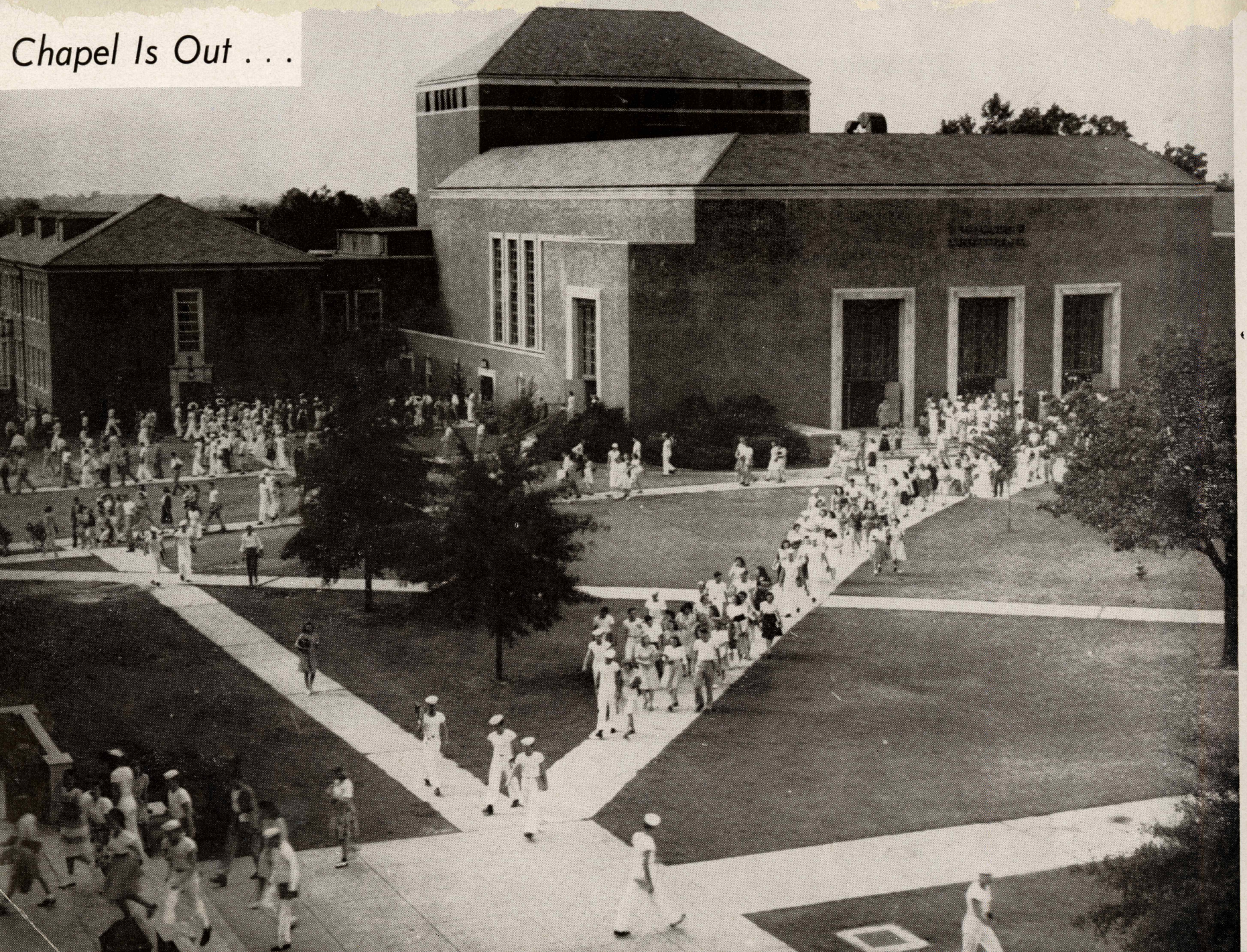
V-12 Company Sponsors

Right: Hatsy Cline, El Paso, Texas; Frances Head, Chatham, and Clothilde Mounger, Evergreen.

Lower, left to right: Barbara Beale, Shreveport; Gloria Bullock, Ruston; Zulma McDermott, Mer Rouge, and Frances Gaiser, Springhill. (These girls were the sponsors during the first trimester of the 1944-45 session.)



Chapel Is Out . . .

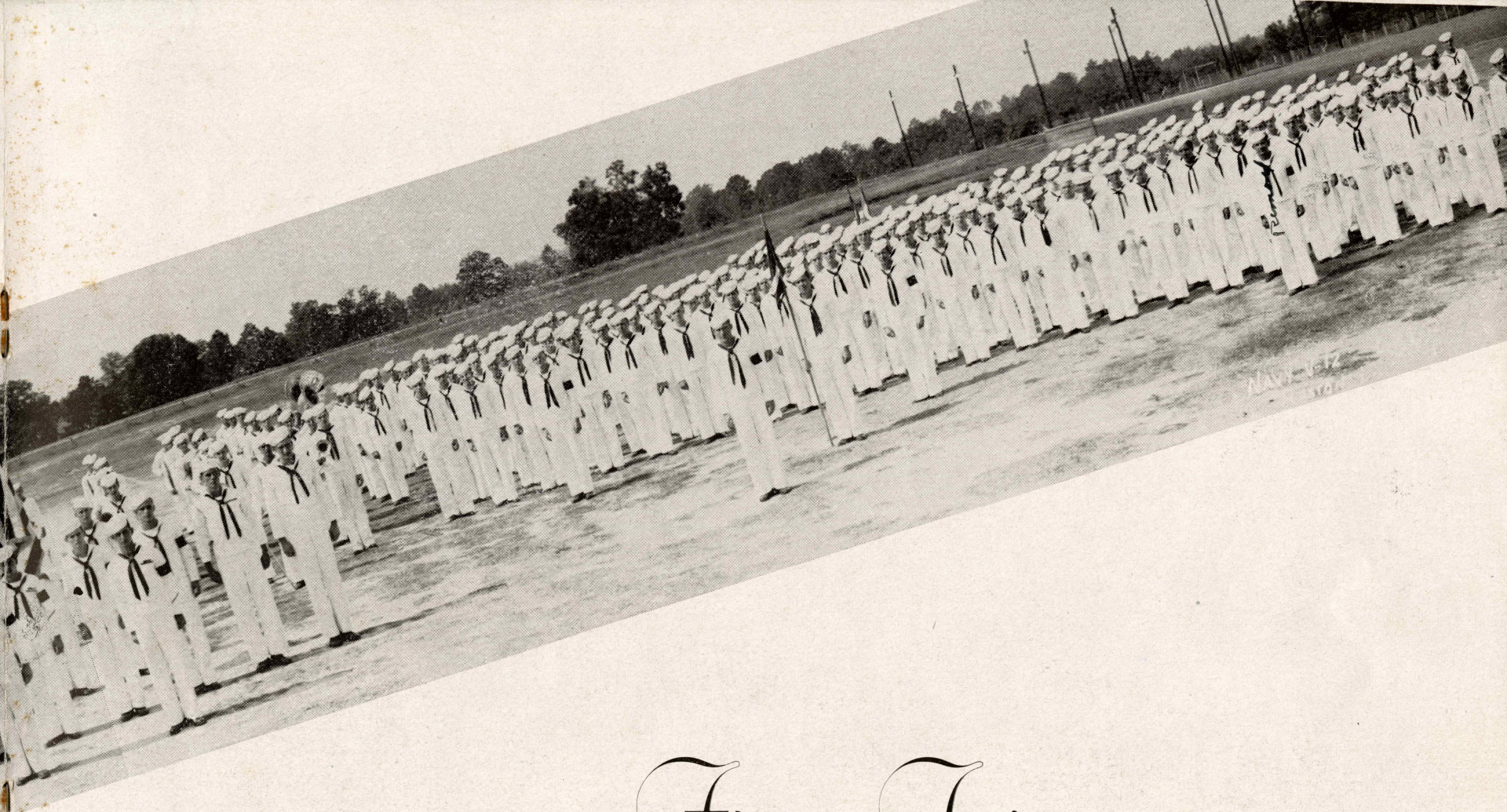


... And Back to Classes

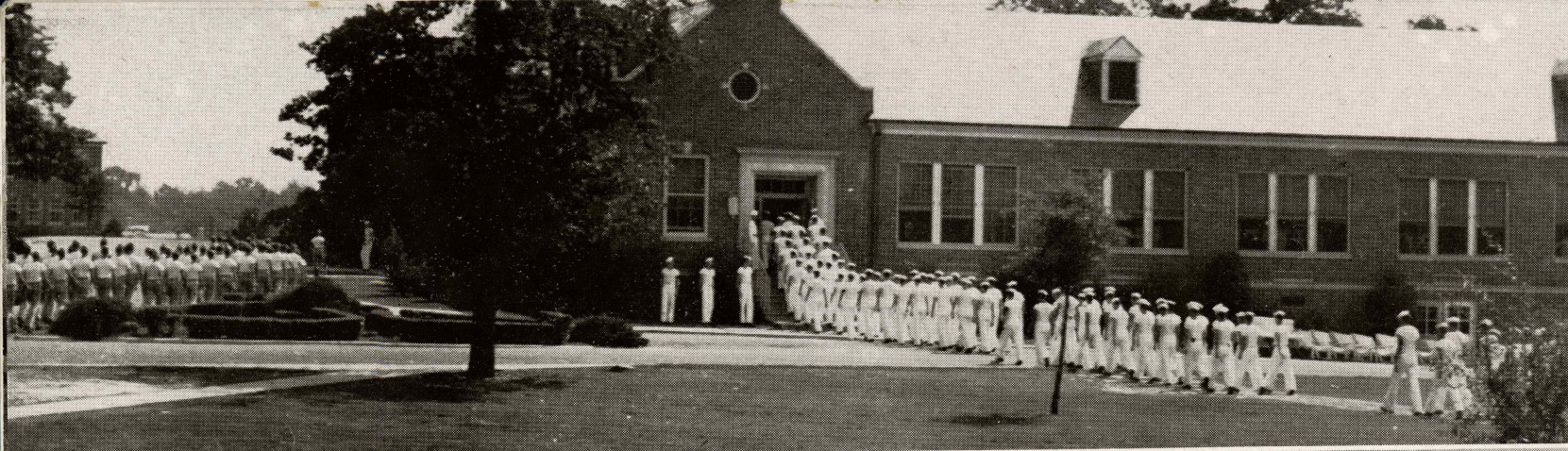


Navy V₁₂ Unit



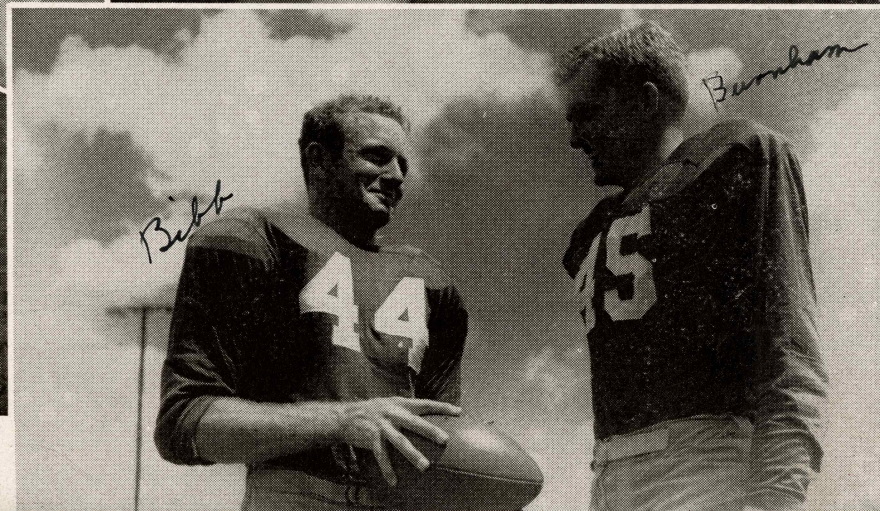


First Trimester, 1944-45



'Come and Get It'

Top: Marines and seamen marching to the mess hall. Lower: Interior view of the mess hall.



Activities

Representing the Y. M. C. A., play acting, debating and football.



Seifert

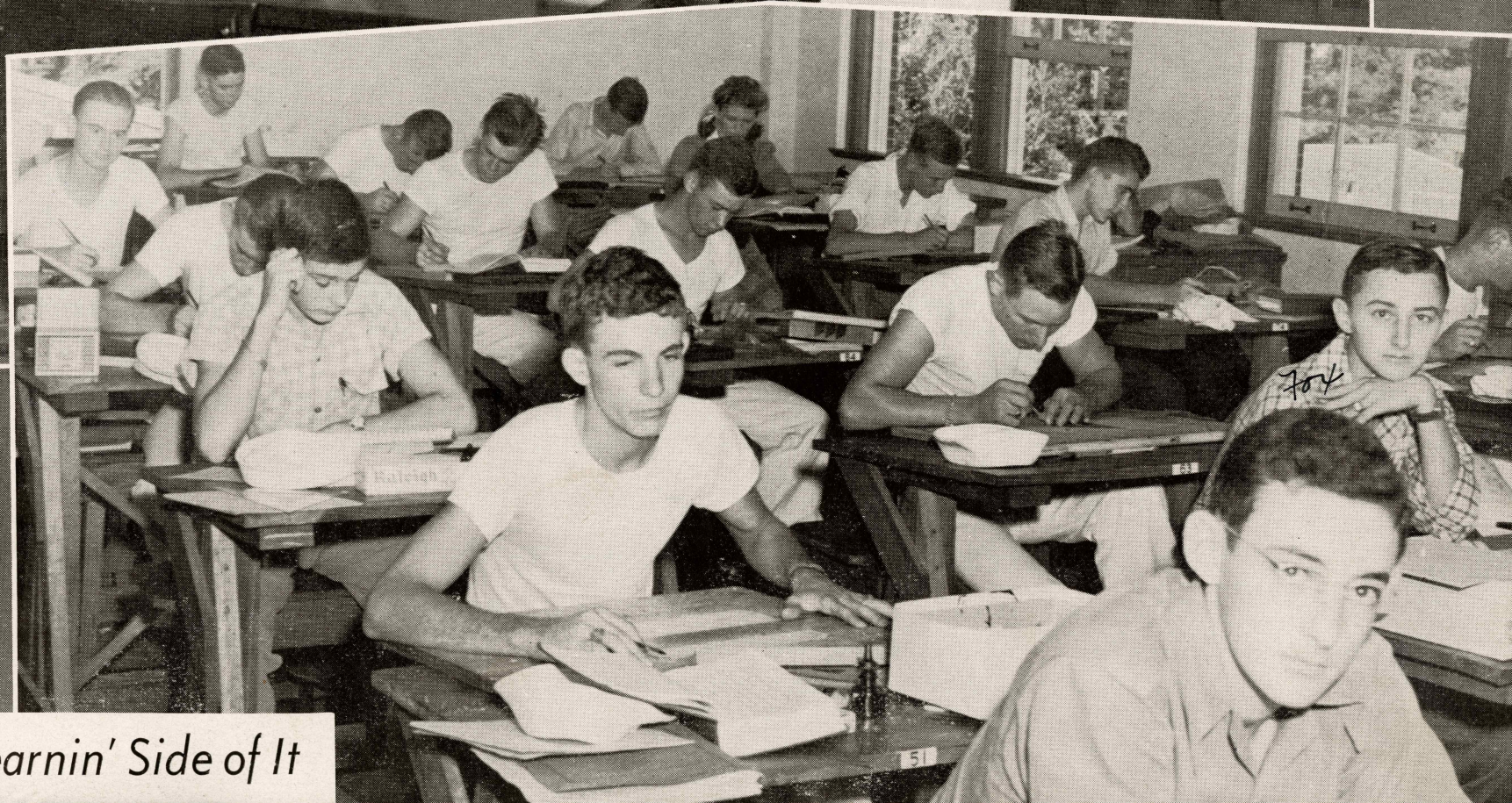
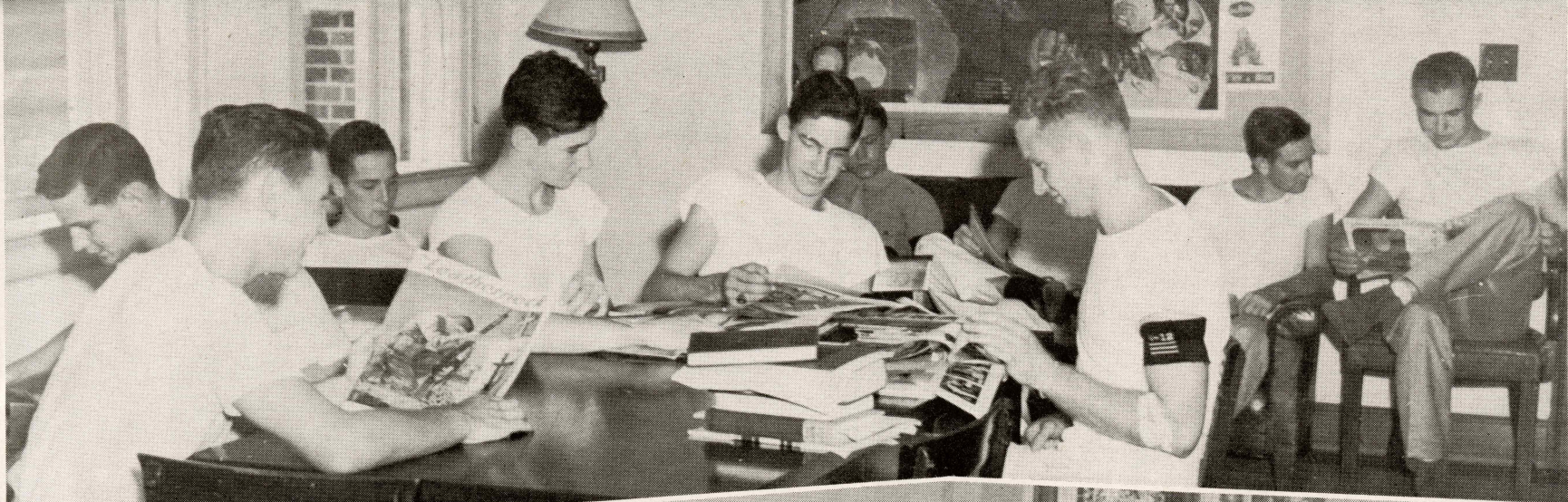
Bill

Ray Rhodes

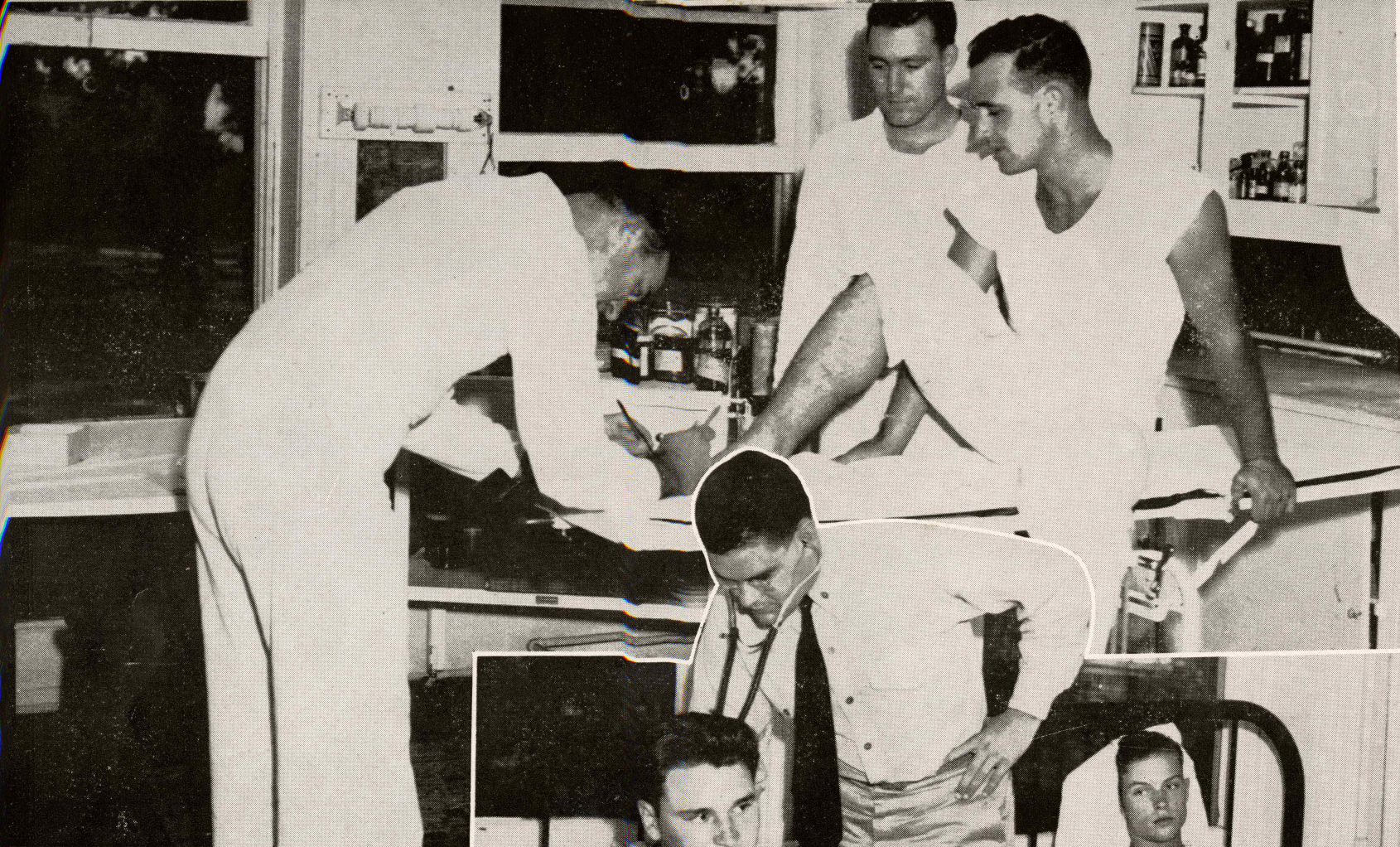
Cannon

Brockhaus

Inspection of Quarters



Book Learnin' Side of It

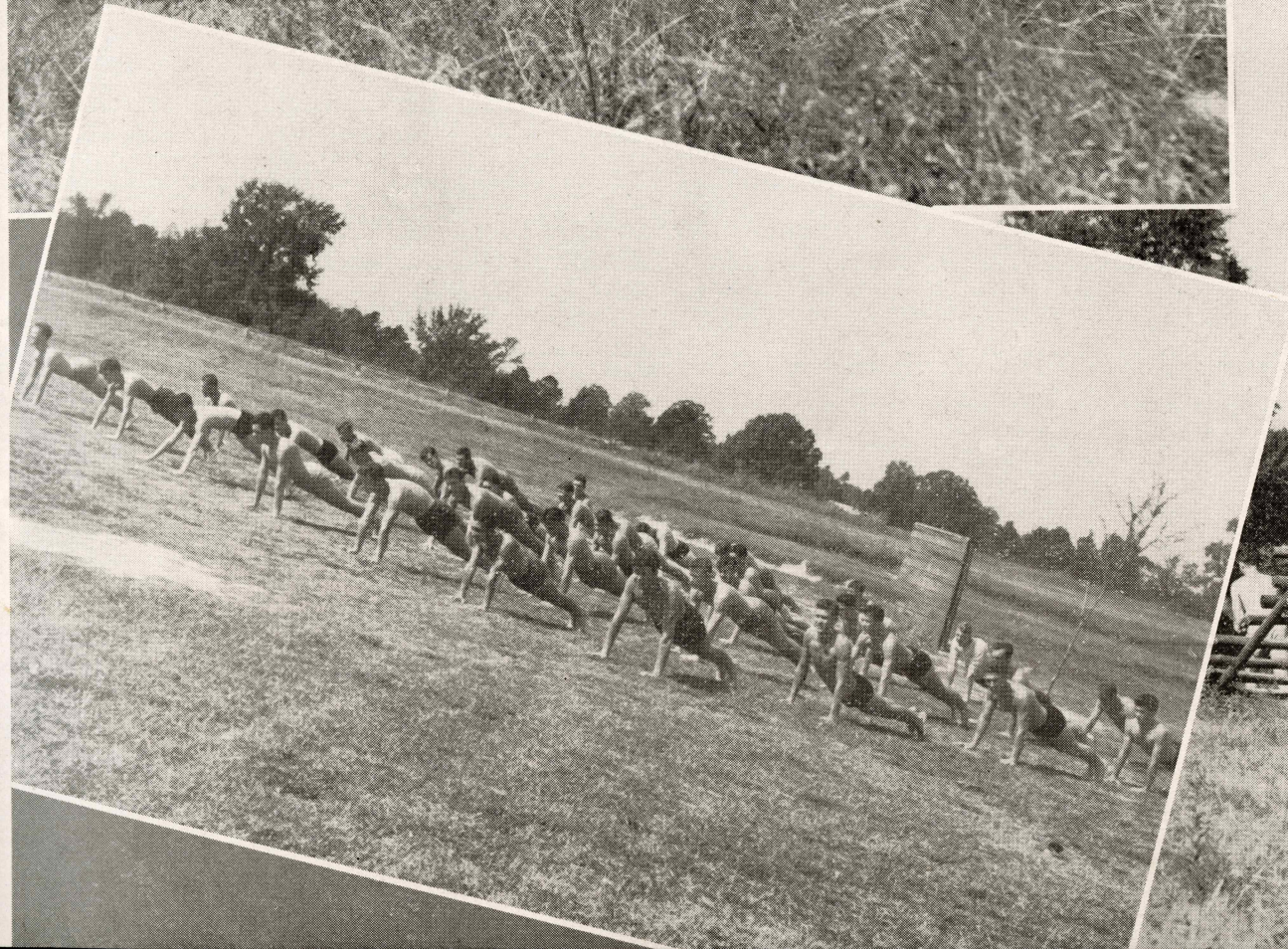


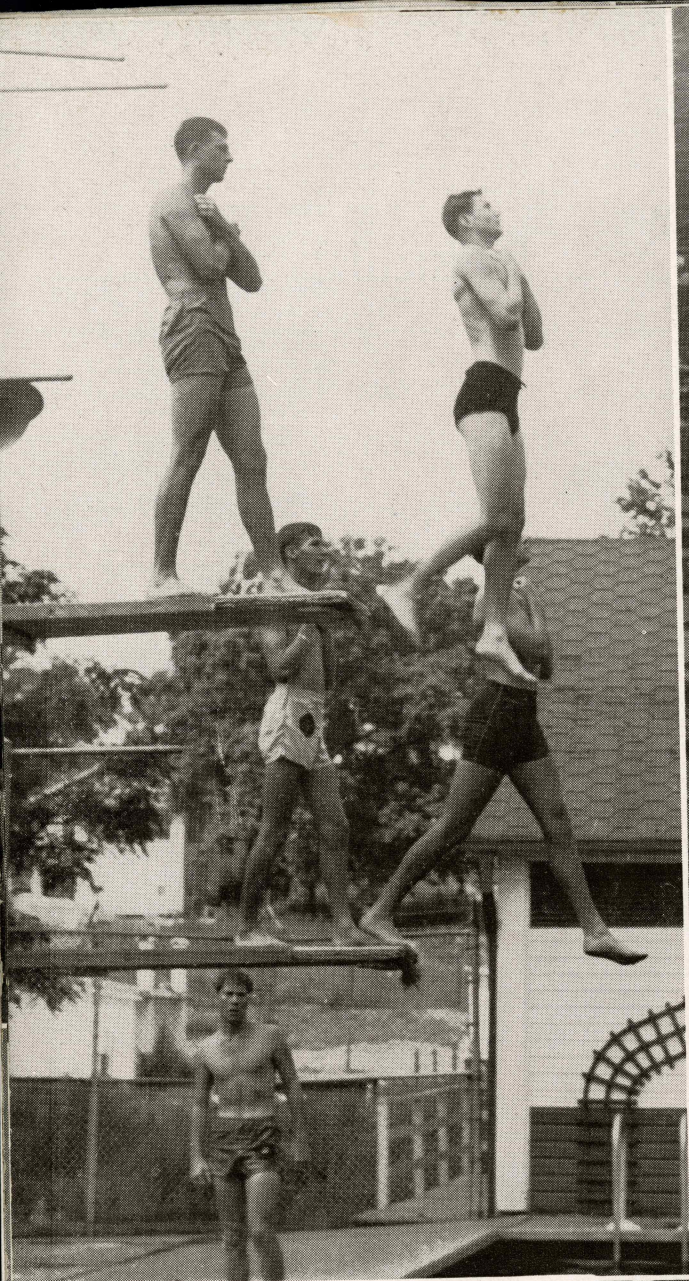
In The Sick Bay





Physical Training





Swimming Exercises

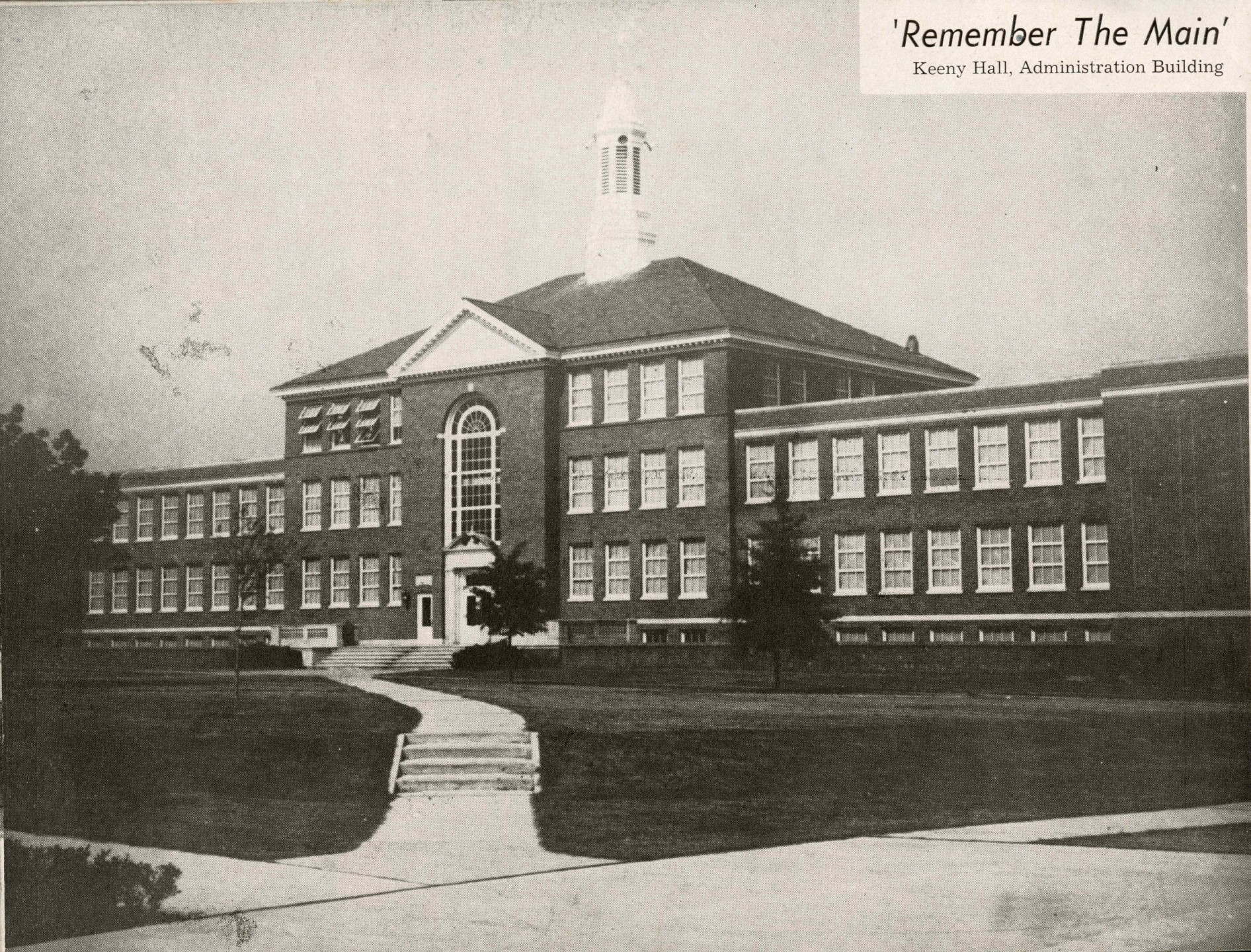


At The Ruston USO

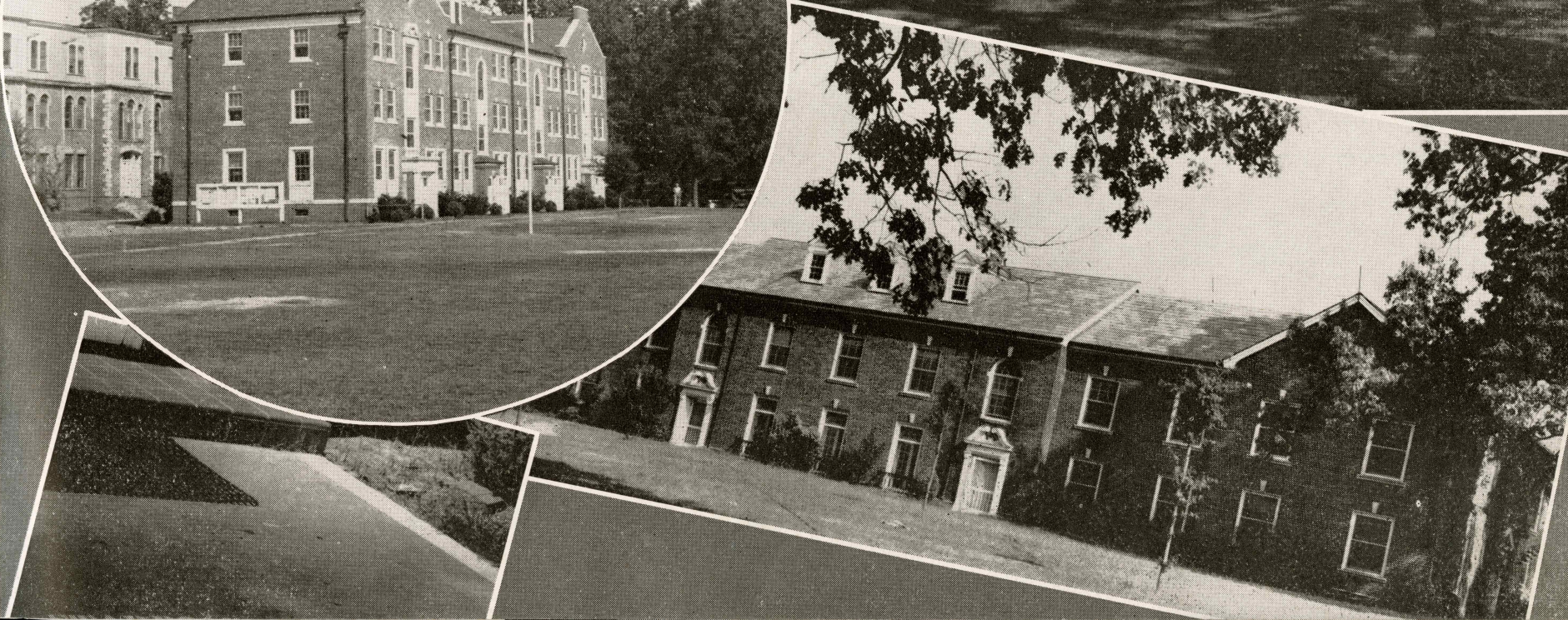
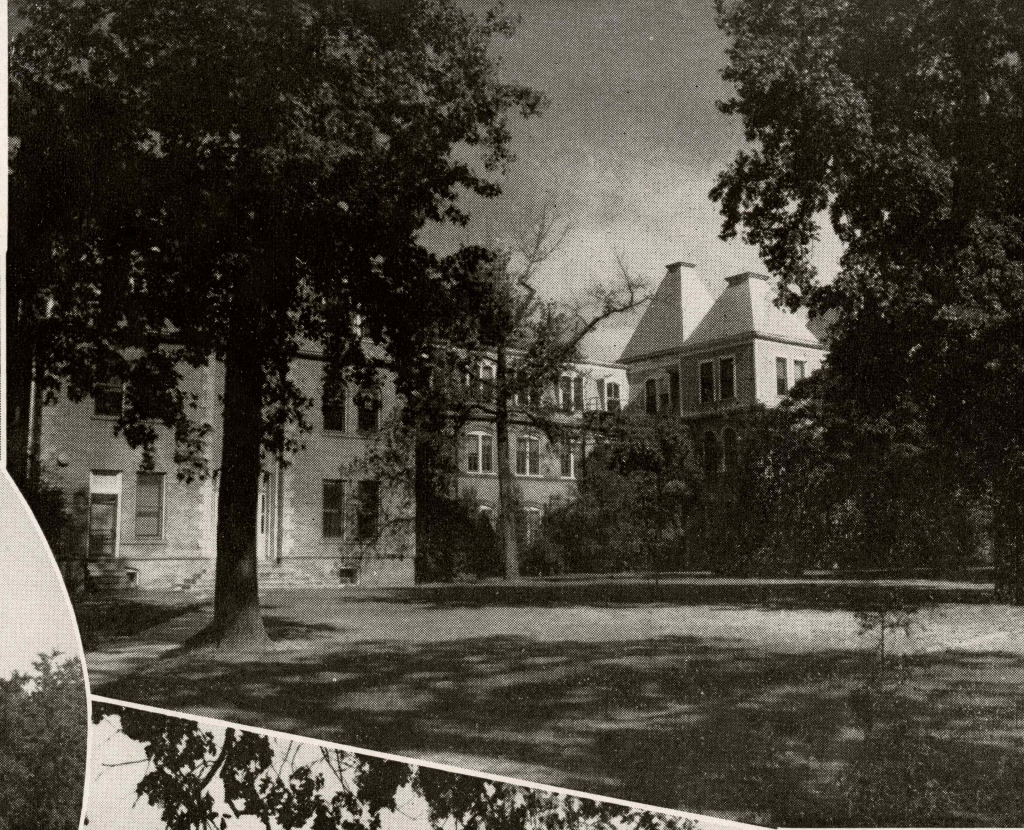
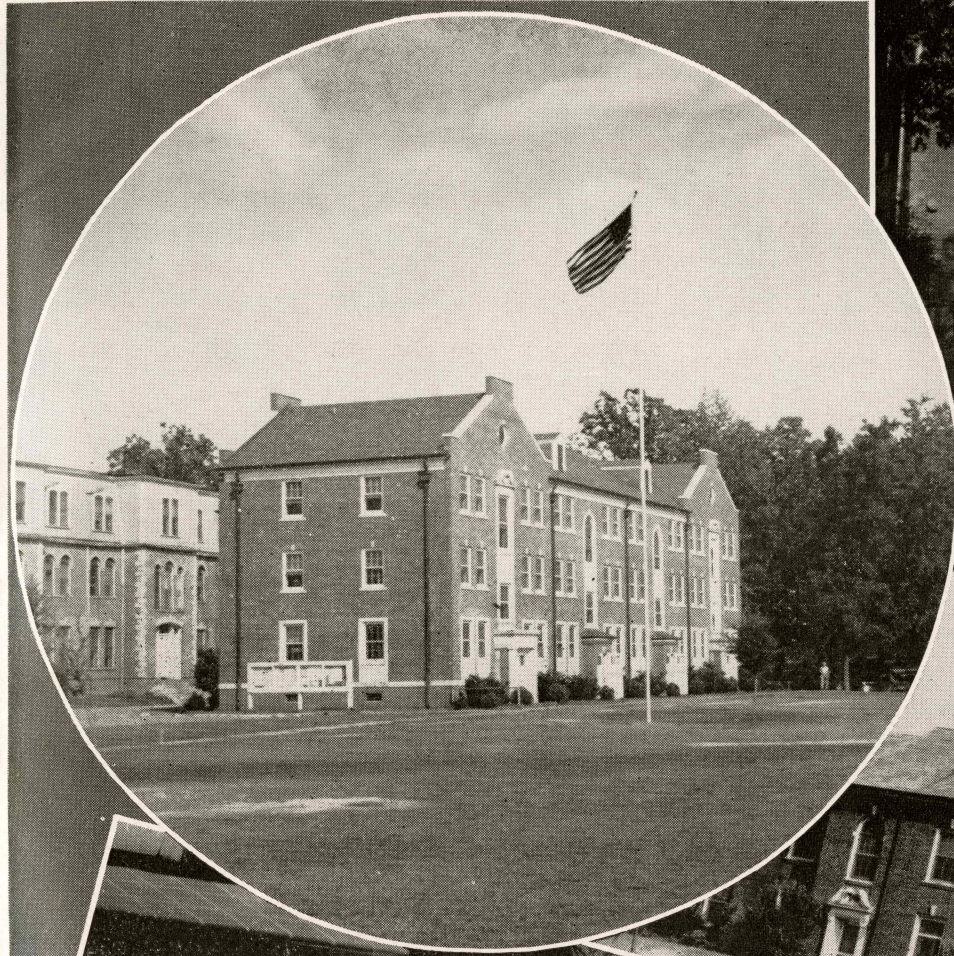


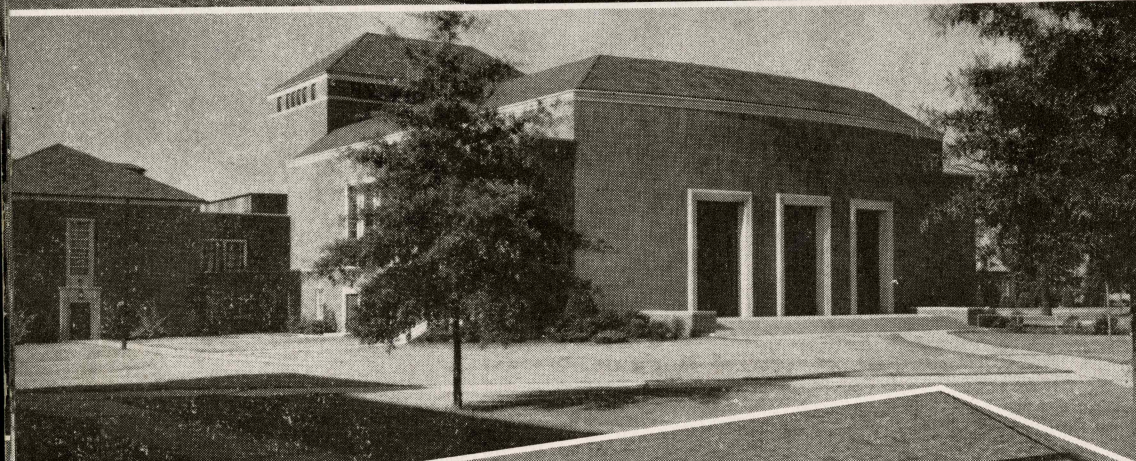
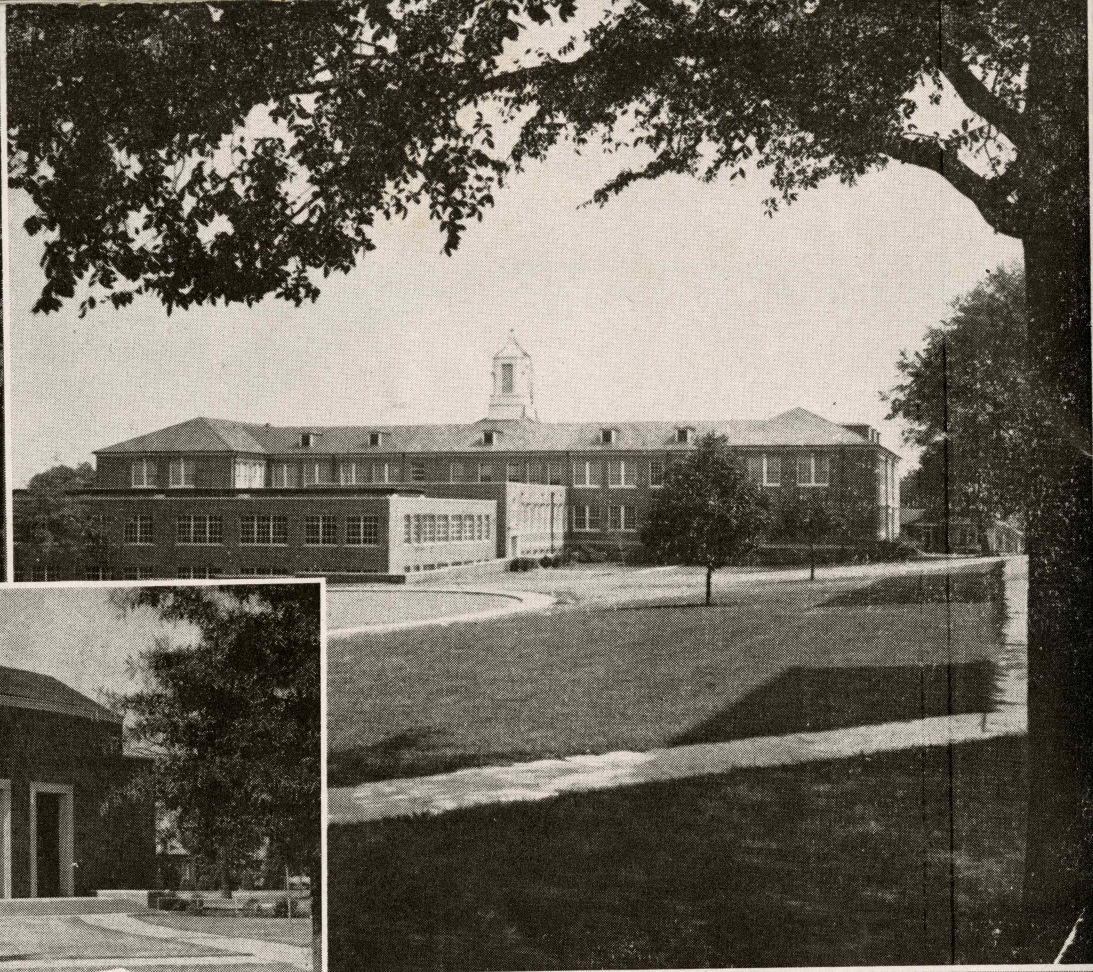
'Remember The Main'

Keeny Hall, Administration Building



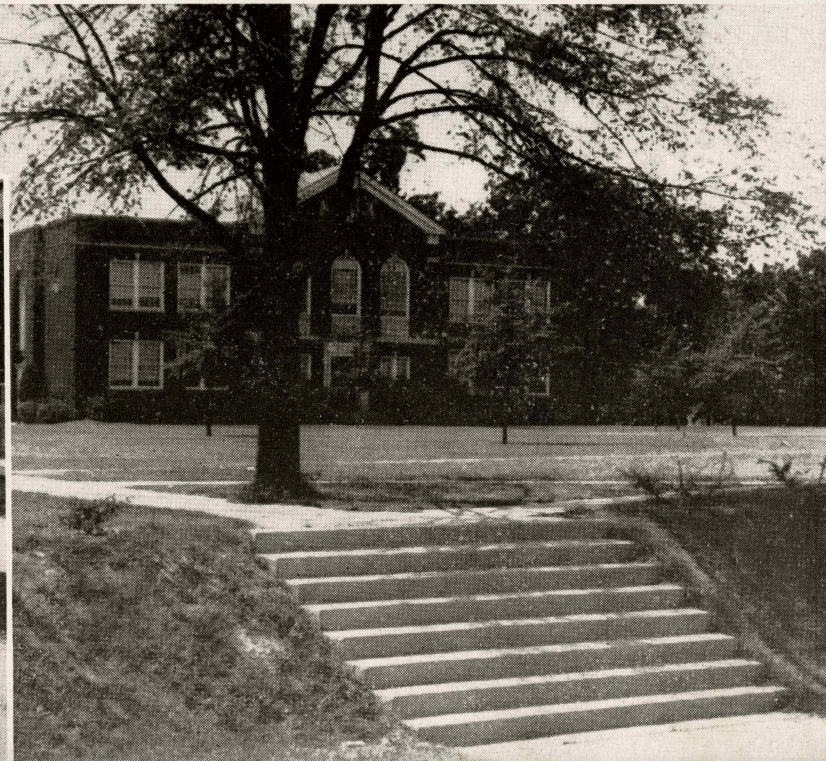
Quarters: The Men's Dormitories





Some Tech Buildings

Upper left, Chemistry; upper right, Bogard Hall (engineering); left center, Howard Auditorium and Fine Arts building; and lower left, the Agricultural Laboratory.

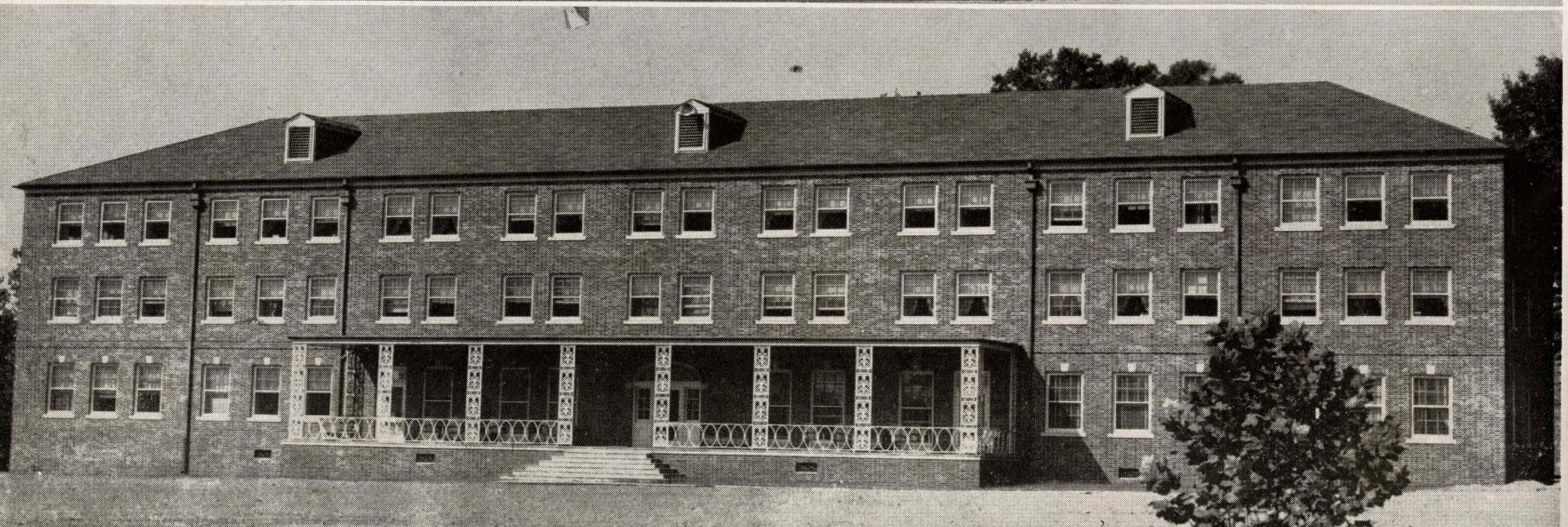


Some More Buildings

Upper left, Administration Building; upper right, the Library; lower left, ornamental fountain in front of the auditorium; and lower right, the Education Building.

'No Man's Land'

Girls' dormitories: Harper Hall (top) and Aswell Hall (lower).



Anchors Aweigh

Sail, Navy, down the bay
Anchors aweigh
We'll never change our course
We're from the U. S. A. ay- ay- ay,
We've got a job to do
Over the sea
Anchors aweigh today as we go
sailing on to victory.



The Marines' Hymn

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
In the air, on land and sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean.
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines!



Alma Mater

O Tech, thy halls so beautiful,
Thy pleasant walks, thy noble trees,
That charmed me in my college days,
Are ever dear to me.

CHORUS

Louisiana Tech, I love thee,
My Alma Mater,
my Alma Mater;
I will ever loyal be
To thee my Alma Mater.

Those old Tech days, those joyful days,
So cherished in my memory,
Though days of toil, in many ways
were happy days and free.

